

[I Boycott the World]

Duplicate

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK 18 Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 W. 144th St.

DATE May 9, 1939

SUBJECT Unemployed fringe

1. Date and time of interview

April 17, 1939

2. Place of interview

Second Avenue and 11th St.

3. Name and address of informant

Anonymous

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4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

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FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

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NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 W. 144th St.

DATE May 9, 1939

SUBJECT Unemployed fringe

I BOYCOTT THE WORLD

I am a student of life, my contemporary friend, a scholar of cosmos. Cosmology, histology, pathology, neurology, astro-physiology and the whole tautology of existence are my fields. But what have I ascertained, deduced, induced, produced - in short, learned? Is there a design, a scheme, a plan in this world? No, I declare, no, no and again no.

An it totters toward catastrophe, the world is suffering endless fluctuations, alterations, transformations, - in short, flux. In order to save and preserve their rights and privileges -

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their front lawns and limousines - the economic royalist gang of psychopaths, paranoiacs, neuresthenics and megalomaniacs - in short, butchers - are plotting to delude, deter, detract, deceive, extort us with nationalism, patriotism, 3 aryanism, racialism - in short, LIES. Everywhere trepidation, hallucination, anxiety - jitters, in short— prevail.

The poor people may today vacillate, fluctuate, hesitate and - waver. But, my contemporary, they will win their revenge. All the disinherited will have their cosmic revenge. I promise it. Picture for yourself, for example, their grave and ours. First, ours. Look at me. I'm emaciated, dessicated, lacerated, withered - in short, dried up. Imagine me dead. It's not hard. I'm lying like a schlemiel in an inexpensive coffin of warped, bleached, knotty lumber - in short, a pine box. Along come the worms - the round worms, the flat worms, the earth worms, the tapeworms - in short , worms. They're wriggling and squirming, they're searching for something to eat, something nutritious and nourishing. They smell here, they smell there, nibble a piece here, a piece there. Phooey. Like an old baked apple. Every bite produces nausea, dizziness, wind, lose of appetite. I'm left in peace.

Now the scene shifts to J. P. Morgan's grave. A box of delicate wood, of sensitive fibre, of finest grain. A corpse that's radiant with freshness and richness and succulence - summers in Bar Harbor, winters in Palm Beach. Its a toothsome bit of [zoftig?] carnivorae. In short - stuffed kishke. Now - enter the worm, disgusted and suspicious from the meal at my grave. A cautious sniff and a nibble and - HA-HA-A-A-AH! What have we here? Ach du Lieber? No mere meal or lunch or dinner but a repast, a 4 banquet rare, a feast. He rings the dinner gong and they come running in droves - all the ringworms, the earthworms, the round worms, the flat worms, the tapeworms and presto! it's a skull and bones. You see? The cosmic revenge of the poor.

Meanwhile, shall I wait and let myself slip into decline, decay, decadence, disuse? No, my contemporary. I must have economic revenge now, now, now. But who can trifle with lockouts, walkouts, walkins, sitdowns, sleeping? My strike must be universal and absolute.

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It must be a one-man boycott of the whole world. By a final and unconditional refusal to work I have never committed the indiscretion of being hired and therefore can never suffer the mortification of being fired either. You see? I blockade the universe.

Now look into the future. Cast your imagination into the clairvoyant future. Every day more and more people out of work, every day more and more therefore joining my ranks, year by year more and more and more - millions and billions throughout the world -. Are you following me? Do you see as I do the vision, the apparition, the overpowering apocalyptic panorama? A whole world, my friend, without a single person at work...Colossal...What?...What keeps me from going mad? Why, words, my contemporary, just words.